

# The Pascagoula Democrat-Star

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND

VOLUME 29.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1879.

TERMS—\$2 50 per Annum, in Advance.

NUMBER 8.

## THE COURTS.

### REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.  
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.  
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

Lauderdale county, second Monday in February and August, continuing 12 days.  
Kemper county, first Monday in March and September, continuing 12 days.  
Clarke county, third Monday in March and September, continuing 12 days.  
Wayne county, first Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Greene county, second Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Marion county, third Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Hancock county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 12 days.  
Harrison county, third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Jackson county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, continuing 12 days.

CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.

GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

Jackson county, first Monday of March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Harrison county, second Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Hancock county, third Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Marion county, fourth Monday in March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Perry county, first Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Greene county, second Monday in April and October, continuing 6 days.  
Wayne county, fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, continuing 6 days.  
Clarke county, first Monday in May and November, continuing 6 days.  
Lauderdale county, third Monday of May and November, continuing 12 days.  
Kemper county, second Monday in May and November, continuing 6 days.  
Monthly Rules of Chancery Court on the second Monday in each month.

### PROFESSIONAL.

**Dr. B. F. Travis,**  
Augusta, Perry County, Mississippi.  
Having located permanently at Augusta, he respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country.

**Dr. John J. Harry,**  
Huntsboro, Miss.  
Having located permanently in Huntsboro, he respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Huntsboro, Mississippi City, Stennis, and surrounding country.

**Dr. D. C. Case,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Having permanently located at Ocean Springs, he offers his professional services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the valley of the Mississippi and the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional experience as consulting physician to the members of the hierarchy who are practicing at the towns along the coast.

**R. Seal,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Mississippi City, Miss.  
Practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**C. H. Wood,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Miss Point, Miss.  
Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

**Dr. A. K. Northrop,**  
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Bay St. Louis, Hancock County, Miss.  
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April 25, 1879. 10-ly

## A WOMAN'S SUCCESS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"Lizzie Gartrell! Can you be in earnest? Are you really going to open a shop?"

"I suppose so," was the laughing reply, "since you choose to put it in that way. Yes, it is a shop, of course, but I believe I have rather idealized it. It is to be different from ordinary shops, you know; if it were not, there would be no particular call for it here. And I do not see why a lady should not engage in such business, and remain just as much a lady as if she taught school or wrote stories."

"Both of which we have tried and found inadequate to our wants," said the first speaker, "I the school-teaching, and you the story-writing. Look at my gloves as an illustration." And she held up two fingers that had worked their way quite through the poorly-made kids. "But, Lizzie," she continued, "you are slightly dermented, nevertheless. And what of Dr. Ferris, I should like to know?"

Lizzie Gartrell's fair face flushed crimson for a moment—then she replied, calmly: "There is nothing between Dr. Ferris and myself. I have found him a very pleasant acquaintance, and have, like other young ladies, received slight attentions from him. He is at liberty to continue our acquaintance, if he sees fit—and he is also at liberty to break it off."

"I am sure she loves him," said Cornelia Baird to herself, "but how proud she is!" Then aloud: "He is very aristocratic, you know, and so are all the family. They have a horror of trade, and of women who earn their living—they do not recognize them beneath the rank of school teachers."

"These are not the questions that are at present agitating my mind," replied Lizzie, with provoking composure, "my thoughts centre upon the grand subject of my very small capital and the many things it is expected to accomplish. I shall look for some valuable suggestions from you, Cornelia."

The two girls were talking in Lizzie Gartrell's room, soon to be her room no longer—for that young lady had resolved to try the experiment of making a career for herself. Rather less than a year ago, her only brother had married; and although he could not see why she

should not feel as much at home in his house as ever, Lizzie's penetration soon made the discovery that, if she wished to continue on good terms with her sister-in-law, it would never do to live with her. Mrs. Sam was a very pleasant acquaintance, or ordinary friend—but she was not satisfactory for human nature's daily food.

Lizzie Gartrell had very little—and she had hitherto made very little; occasionally writing clever stories that brought her a fair remuneration, but could not be looked upon as a dependence; and having looked matters and things squarely in the face, she was resolved under the circumstances to take a new departure. She lived in a country town where a good deal of business was done; but where people had only lately waked up to the knowledge of certain needs. Traversing the principal thoroughfare, one day, on a walk of investigation, the idea of her shop first suggested itself. All the shops she saw were cut after the same pattern, some larger, some smaller; and she had certain notions of her own on the subject which, if properly carried out, would certainly prove a success. Part of her small stock of money could be invested in this way; and she felt sure of its bringing a liberal return.

She paused in front of a little zephyr store where she had frequently made small purchases, and had become interested in the proprietor—a delicate little woman who was so evidently for her to speak of having seen better days. She was now a widow with three children to support! and lacking business knowledge and enterprise, as well as capital, the little shop in which some kind friends had set her up was fast proving a failure.

Miss Gartrell stepped in now to see how she was getting on, and found poor little Mrs. Webb almost in tears.

"I must rent half the store," she said, "there are two windows, you see, but I am afraid that no one will care to take part of it, or that I may get some one who would be very disagreeable."

"I wonder if I would be?" asked Lizzie with a smile. "I hope not—for I think that half a store would suit me better than a whole one."

One thing led to another; and when they parted, Mrs. Webb found herself, to her great surprise, provided with a joint-tenant for the store and also with a boarder.

For Lizzie discovered that the little woman had a large sunny room which she would be glad to have occupied; and it seemed a most providential happening for both of them that they had been brought together.

It was delightful to our heroine to have Mrs. Webb's protection and companionship in her new venture; and her eye was so bright and her step so elastic on her walk homeward, that Dr. Ferris, passing hurriedly in his buggy, suddenly thought that he had not been aware how attractive-looking she was.

His deprecating bow was returned with a gay smile, as Lizzie recalled the saying that, for a woman to give her hand with dignity, she must be able to stand alone. She was not in the least strong-minded—being naturally ivy-like in her inclinations; but she refused to cling unless her support was a genuine monarch of the forest.

Miss Gartrell lost no time in preliminaries—having once decided on her course, she went practically to work; and at the period of the conversation with Cornelia Baird, her plan was a regularly defined one. Cornelia made suggestions, and wondered, and lamented; but felt half-inclined, when she reached home and surveyed her scant wardrobe, to follow her friend's example.

As Lizzie had said, her shop was not to be an every-day shop; and one fine day, people who had been accustomed to patronize "the little zephyr woman," were quite surprised at the transformation in her premises. One window was very prettily and artistically arranged with her wares—more so than it had ever been before; and the other window was hung with lace curtains, had vines in it, flowers, a bird cage—and the prettiest of placards, white and green letters on a crimson ground, informed the public that within was a circulating library for periodicals and weekly papers—also, a choice collection of stationery, fancy pictures, etc.

Within sat our friend Lizzie, at a pretty table covered and draped with her own tasteful hands, and dressed with greater care than she had expended on her toilet for a long time—for she very justly considered this an important detail of her plan; and the result was eminently pleasing. Lizzie Gartrell was certainly a very fine-looking girl "every inch the lady." The little store was beautifully clean and orderly; and ivies and maderia vines filled up the corners and hung from brackets, while several pots

of flowers in bloom, and one or two bouquets, lent a look of brightness and refinement.

Cornelia Baird pronounced it "a jewel of a shop," and she flitted in and out, on opening day, to watch her friend's progress, and see for herself how the experiment was likely to work. On the evening of that day, Lizzie laughingly summed up her profits. The outlay had not been very great, for she intended to begin moderately and increase her business by degrees; and she found that five persons had taken out magazines, and three weekly papers—that several boxes of paper and sheets of fancy pictures had been disposed of—that several people had asked for jars for decorative purposes—several for postage stamps—and there had been one inquiring for cigars.

Great satisfaction had been expressed with her plan of renting out the magazines and papers, and she was assured that this alone would pay her well. Several of her customers had turned before leaving to Mrs. Webb's counter; and it gave her great pleasure to see the little woman's bright looks, as her wares were disposed of more promptly than usual.

As Miss Gartrell had her head on her pillow that night, she had the satisfaction of feeling that she had fitted into her niche—she was no longer a square peg in a round hole, or vice versa.

And what of Dr. Ferris? As Cornelia Baird had asked, he and his mother and sister lived in a beautiful, old-fashioned place, on the outskirts of the town; and had the reputation of priding themselves particularly as not being people of yesterday. Perhaps they did so pride themselves; they certainly were not proud, and valued people for what they were—not for what they had.

"Harry," said Miss Nellie to her brother, as they sat at the table, "what is this queer story about Miss Gartrell's opening a shop? Do you believe it?"

"I ought to, I suppose," was the reply, and Dr. Ferris looked annoyed; "for I caught a glimpse of her to-day, presiding over a book and paper establishment. Do you not think the step a very odd one, mother? I wonder that her brother allows it—it would be very humiliating to me to have my sisters feel that they must leave my house to earn their own living. Women are not intended for it."

His pleasant face was quite disfigured by a scowl of disapproval; and his mother smiled, as she answered: "You must remember, Harry, that there are, unfortunately, more ivies than oaks; and a life of dependence, under any circumstances is neither agreeable nor elevating. I do not believe that Miss Gartrell's brother is at all to blame, and yet I think she has acted very wisely in the step she has taken. I do hope she will be successful; as I think she will be. I really like her for her own sake—and I have just discovered that her mother was Emily Peters, whom I used to love dearly in my school days. I shall take an early opportunity of looking in upon Miss Lizzie and expressing an interest in her success."

"Mamma," said Clara Ferris when her brother had left the room, "would you be willing to have Henry marry a shop-woman?"

"Quite willing, my dear, if she were the right kind of shop-woman—but there is as much difference in the article as there is in poetry. Should Harry become infatuated (which he certainly is not likely to do) with one of those over-dressed creatures at Marsh's, who look like vulgar fashion-plates, and seem animated with the one idea of making a good match, I should consider it a serious misfortune; but when a lady like Miss Gartrell chooses, in a quiet, lady-like way, to make herself independent, I think she is deserving of all honor. We yet not talk, however, of marrying yet; I know that matters have not progressed so far as that between Harry and Miss Gartrell, although it is very evident that he admires her. But she may not return our only son and brother just in the light that we do."

The sisters looked incredulous; to them, this brother was Sir Galahad, Socrates, and Adonis, rolled into one.

The days went on, and our heroine prospered. Old acquaintances dropped in at first from curiosity, and afterward because they took genuine pleasure in their visits to the little circulating library; and it became quite the fashion to patronize Miss Gartrell.

Among the first to come was Mrs. Ferris; and Lizzie's heart did flutter a little when she caught sight of that lady approaching the door. She was a fine-looking woman with a certain sweet statelyness of manner; and she wore her elegant clothes with an air of having been accustomed to just such beautiful things.

"I am so glad to see this," she said, as she took the young shop-woman warmly by the hand, "allow me to congratulate you, Miss Gartrell, on having shown so much character—to say nothing of your good taste and judgment."

She was much struck by Lizzie's modest dignity, and absence of anything like elation at this recognition from the first lady in the town; but inwardly the young lady was in a state of very pleasant excitement.

"I have just ascertained," continued the visitor, "that your mother was an old friend of mine; and I hope to see more of you than we have hitherto done. And now we will be business-like, if you please—for I really want some of that pretty paper, which they do not seem to keep in the other stores here."

The next afternoon, Nellie and Clara Ferris, who were pretty lady-like girls, appeared, and invited Lizzie to a little entertainment. After some indecision, she accepted the invitation, and enjoyed the evening very much—although the doctor was not visible, having been called away to a distant part of the State.

Some of the town people, the parsons especially, were, at first, disposed to ignore Miss Gartrell, but the very evident support of the Ferrises and others kept them from it; and every one came gradually to look upon the little library as a very pleasant rendezvous.

"I declare," said Mrs. Sam Gartrell, one day, as she looked admiringly about her, "I think it's real fun keeping a shop like this. I'm so glad you've got it, Lizzie! you showed real spunk." (N. B.—Mrs. Sam would not have kept it herself for anything.) But I'll tell you what would be a decided improvement; have some first-rate coffee and cake for ladies who are out shopping—not a restaurant you know, but just coffee and cake. Make the coffee a specialty—which you can easily do if you take pains, and be economical too—and I really think you'll get rich."

Lizzie was quite taken with this idea. She talked the matter over with Mrs. Webb; and the result was that another pretty placard, announcing coffee and cake from twelve to three, appeared in the zephyr window. This, as Mrs. Sam had prophesied, proved a great success. The little lunches were served in such a refined, attractive way with flowers, and the whitest of napery, and the prettiest of china—while coffee and cake were both delicious—that the ladies flocked there daily; and it was rumored that this most unique of establishments was fairly coining money in all its branches.

It was not exactly doing this; but Miss Gartrell displayed a decided executive ability and a gift for improving opportunities; and the result of a year's experience showed a very handsome balance in her favor. Little Mrs. Webb's thin cheeks had grown plump and rosy, and the children were well cared for—in every way the partnership with so enterprising a young lady had been a stroke of unusual good fortune. People said (for they say everything) that Dr. Ferris had solicited the prepossessing head of the firm to retire into private life; but that Lizzie, with her taste for independence wonderfully sharpened, refused to go until she could buy her own house.

She had resolved to try the experiment for three years; and in the space of time the business had so outgrown its original limits, that it could scarcely be recognized. The circulating library for periodicals had become a library worthy of the name—the volumes having been selected by degrees, with the assistance of Mrs. Ferris's cultivated taste and judgement—and it was really a credit to the town; the zephyr and fancy article business was wonderfully extended; and as for the lunches, they had increased so in volume, that new quarters were needed for this branch alone.

In two years from its inauguration, quite an elegant establishment was rented in place of the humble shop that witnessed these first efforts; and at the end of the third year, the firm was changed to that of Webb & Baird—Miss Cornelia being only too glad, by that time, to step into her friend's vacant place.

Miss Gartrell disappeared altogether; but young Mrs. Ferris, who presided over a perfect bazaar of a home near the old family mansion, strongly resembles her; and nobody in the place is more respected than the doctor's pretty and accomplished wife.—*God's for April.*

The new white lawn and organ-dy muslin dresses for house wear have paler basques and Pompadour polonaises.

Written for the Democrat-Star.  
ODE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF POEMS.

BY DR. A. B. CLANTON.

Let sordid Gods their nectar sip,  
A rarer feast is mine—  
One banquet drop from thy pure lips,  
Would sweeten floods of wine.

Caught in the light of clasping eyes,  
My burning soul leaps up—  
In scorn disclaims the meaner prize,  
That crowns the vintage cup.

I would not seek to drown my pain,  
In tears shed from the vine,  
I would quench the soul-impassioned flame,  
Steeped in the glance of thine.

Then let us love and flesh and thrill,  
To being almost core—  
Our hearts the glowing bumpers fill—  
We'll drink 'till they brim o'er.

The juice within the goblets shape,  
Though generous dulls the brain,  
Yet hearts deep we (fountains) may slake,  
Enriched and taste again.

I could not cradle in your bow,  
This lava of my veins;  
Whose torrents leaping through my soul,  
Electric draughts contain.

Yes, I would shun the Bacchant throng,  
Whose garlands falsely shine—  
I sigh for beams of love and song,  
That thou so deftly twine.

Thy kiss hath flavor half divine,  
As if some magic true,  
Descending on those lips of thine,  
Had turned to heavenly dew.

I'll sing anew to thy fond eyes,  
Though in their liquid glance,  
A half-drowned, hidden Cupid lies,  
With conch-like plume and lance.

If thou replend me with thine eyes,  
I will not seek for wine,  
Whose joys no sooner tempt than flies,  
And leaves a sting behind.

## A Carson Clergyman.

Reno Gazette.

Rev. Mr. Davis has recently become the rector of the Episcopal church at Carson. One evening, shortly after his arrival, a sociable was given at the church for the purpose of giving the members an opportunity for becoming acquainted with the new pastor. Two of the oldest and most respectable pillars of the sanctuary entered the pastor's study—a cosy little room, where a fire was brightly burning, and found a dozen gentlemen lounging around in easy attitudes and smoking. As Mr. Davis was known to be a Western man and liberal, the cigars didn't shock the brethren much. They were introduced, and rather stared at Mr. Davis, a very unclerical-looking gentleman, with a drooping mustache and a somewhat rakish air.

"I'm glad you've come among us, Brother Davis," said one of the old gentlemen, politely.

"Thank you," replied his reverence, affably. "It is a pretty good lay-out, I reckon."

The old man gasped, but managed to say that he hoped the church would prosper under his ministrations.

"Well," responded the clergyman with cheerful confidence. "I'll give the boys a rattle, and do what I can to drive a few gospel stakes. Is it a pretty good crowd for business?"

Both the horrified brethren started speechlessly at the pastor. Seeing that they failed to comprehend the reverend gentleman kindly explained:

"Oh, you don't tumble to the racket! What I mean is, will you church fellows stand in when I peel and go for the sinners?"

Finally, murmuring something about being always willing to assist in the Lord's work, the brethren were staggering out when their new pastor stopped them with:

"Isn't this rather a dusty style of treating a fellow? Can't you trot out suthin' to wet one's whistle?"

They fled after one scared look at one another, and were rushing from the church when another brother hailed them and said he wanted to introduce them to the new pastor.

"We've seen him," groaned one, "Where?"

"In the study, in a cloud of tobacco smoke."

"Impossible! He's in the vestry, and a very nice old gentleman he is."

"And who is the other Mr. Davis?"—the young man in the study asked the relieved brethren when they had shaken hands with a wholly acceptable and entirely respectable Mr. Davis.

The good old gentleman chuckled and replied:

"My son Sam, doubtless—Sam, of the Virginia Chronicle."

## Can Oysters Whistle?

Thornburg's New and Old London.

The shop was first established by a Mr. Parkes in 1825. "It appears," says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "that about the year 1840 the proprietor of the house in question, which had then, as it has now, a great name for the superior excellence of its delicate little 'natives,' heard a strange and unusual sound proceeding from one of the tubs in which the shell-fish lay piled in layers one over the other, plaidly fattening upon oatmeal, and awaiting the advent of the remotest knife. Parkes, the landlord, listened, hardly at first believing his ears. There was, however, no doubt about the matter; one of the oysters was distinctly whistling, or, at any rate, producing a sort of sifflement with its shell."

"It was not difficult to detect this phenomenal bivalence, and in a very few minutes he was triumphantly picked out from amongst his fellows and put by himself in a spacious tub, with a plentiful supply of brine and water. The news spread through the town and for some days the fortunate Mr. Parkes found his house besieged by curious crowds."

Douglas Jerrold's suggestion was that the said oyster had been crossed in love and now whistled to keep up appearances with an idea of showing that it did not care." Thackeray used to declare that he was once actually in the shop when an American came in to see the phenomenon, as everybody else was doing, and after hearing the talented mollusk go through his usual performance strolled contemptuously out, declaring "it was nothing to an oyster he knew of in Massachusetts, which whistled Yankee Doodle right through and followed its master about the house like a dog."

## Negroes Lynched.

Special to N. O. Times.

STARKVILLE, Miss., May 5.—Starkville has again boiled over. Much indignation has been felt since Mr. Jordan Moore, a well to do, quiet, inoffensive old man, who lives five miles south of here, has been foundly dealt with.

First he was shot at by an unknown person from within his corn crib. Next, a large barn burnt with its contents, for which Johnson Spencer was arrested. On the following night another commodious barn was lowered in ashes, the house pilfered, etc.

Nevlin Porter, a negro man, was found in a bedroom of Mr. Moore's house, and was so hotly pursued that he dropped the keys to the barn and other houses on Mr. Moore's place. He was fired at and shot at his captors.

He was arrested, however, and confessed his guilt and incriminating Spencer, his accessory, saying the last burning was to draw attention from Spencer, who was then undergoing trial.

It was even reported and believed that Spencer had been lynched before he reached town. On trial both pleaded not guilty, but the evidence was of so damnable a character that they were committed to jail in default of bail to await action of the circuit court.

The people were now thoroughly aroused to the necessity of the enforcement of the law, and it was felt that the courts of the country would manage the affair; but on Sunday night, at about midnight, a hundred and twenty-one men, both black and white, armed and mounted, demanded of the sheriff the keys of the jail, received them, incarcerated the jailer, Henry Isaacs, and took from their cells Mevin Porter and Johnson Spencer, tied them to horses and rode away.

The negroes were conveyed from the jail to a place about one mile east of Starkville, and each hanged by the neck till he was dead, with small cotton ropes suspended from two beams of cross-ties over a trestle on the Mobile and Ohio branch railroad.

Will Cut Loose.

N. Y. Sun.

The latest news from Brooklyn is that aged Brother Spear has written an argument in behalf of Brother Talmage which will use up two days, and that as soon as the trial is over—and no matter how it results—Brother Talmage and his flock will cut loose from the Brooklyn Presbytery. If they had done this several months ago it would have saved a great deal of disturbance, irritation, and scandal.

Napoleon Bonaparte, colored, is to be hung at Sardis, June 20, for murder, unless Gov. Stone interposes by commuting the sentence to railroad work until he escapes.

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